THE DIALOGUE BETWIXT CIT AND BUMPKIN ANSWERED IN ANOTHER BETWIXT TOM THE CHESHIRE...

Edward Phillips

THE

DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

CIT and *BUMPKIN*

ANSWERED

534 8

In Another betwixt

TOM the CHESHIRE PIPER

AND

Captain CRACK BRAIN'S

Dedicated to the

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

THE

MAYOR

OF

QUINBOROUGH.

Difficile est Satyram non Scribere.

London Printed in the Year, 1680.

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TO THE

RIGHT VVORSHIPFUL

THE

MAYOR

OF

QUINBOROUGH.

SIR,

THough it be a very customary thing, many times, for no other reason, but to shew a mans special acquaintance, to make all Addresses of this nature to some great Duke or other, yet I have declined that common Rode, as well knowing, that if there be no intrinsick value in the matter addrest for, the greatest Prince is no more able to protect from censure, than the Mayor of Quinborough; yet as if there was some Spell in the point too, I am not ashamed of my choice; for there was a time within the Ken of many now living, when there was never a Duke in England, and no complaining in our Streets, yet then there was a Mayor of Quinborough, and that time may happen again, without Natures inversion, yet then the Mayor of Quinbo-

rough will bear as considerable a Figure in the Government as ever. I shall now take upon me to say something which possibly has not occurred to your reading, of Corporations, they being as so many Idols adored by many in the Nation, they are all alike in their Original Constitution, small ones differing from great ones, as little Devils do from the higher Orders, viz. in respect of capacity to do hurt, and are all like so many Commonwealths in a Monarchy, being absolutely independent of the Crown, as to bearing places and offices of trust in all their respective and several Districts; for though all Officers, Civil and Military, determine at the death or demise of the King, yet your Worships administer three Faculty and Jurisdiction, with all your Clan, continues without the least recess or interruption; neither is it in the power of any Prince, according to the common Dispensations of Royal will and pleasure, to alter the meanest Officer amongst you. What indented the Crown of England to those acts of Grace at first, I shall not take upon me to offer at; I will only tell you, that they are like the Hanse-Towns of the Empire, and if they had the same strength, as may be guest from what happened of late years, would be as unmanageable; for if the Crown had as many independent Regalities, except for a little Homage when they list, it would be then counted natural to preserve themselves by a common League in their Immunities, to which Corporations would in no mean methods contribute: but since the providence of the Crown has provided better for our peace, 'tis the most prudent for them all to mind their Trade, the thing for which they were first imbodied, and leave the conduct of State affairs to them, whom God and the Law has intrusted to that Noble end.

Now to induce all you little Commonwealths thus to your duty, I shall press an argument from gratitude. You may remember, that by the Act of Regulation, which was binding even to your Immortal Power, the Commissioners which were

of

of the Kings nomination, had power to put out such number of resson, the respective members that constituted a Corporation, and no penalty upon them not putting others into their places, what would have followed upon the disfranchisement of all the members, which was absolutely in the Commissioners power? even a dissolution of that Body, and by consequence a forfeiture of all their Lands to the Crown; I do not see what could have hindered such a design, had it not fallen out under a Prince who is above all the temptations of tricks. Then the Loyal City of Coventry *had lost high 3000 per annum, which had been but just for their abetting the late Rebellion; as likewise the good Towns of* Leicester, Nottingham, Northampton, *and* Glocester, &c. *might have been reckoned with for their especial zeal in the precious Cause; and which had been more considerable, the superintendency of publick affairs had been put into the Justices of the Peace, which are all alterable, as it is fit all other offices to be at pleasure; and truly if such a thing had happened, you would have fallen unpitied, for your ways are not like others, your Dissensions savour too much of Partiality, none can have common right amongst you, especially in your remote and poore Corporations, where a Sack of Malt, or a Bushel of Wheat, shall throw a Mist before the Magistrates; and if any of you get a trust, you decide the controversie, if any happen, as Philip of Macedon did that betwixt two petty Princes, who determined all for himself. to adjust this, I'le tell your Worship a story, the great Devil had been out about in the world upon the affairs of his calling, and as he thought, had made one sure and considerable set; so he returned home, and met a little Mephostophilus of the black Society going out, and told him he might play a little at such a place, for there lay an Usurer irrecoverably sick, that could not escape his clutches, for he was endowed with all the vallanes of a miserable Carl, as Usure and Bond both, take unreasonable brokage for his own money, never suf-*

taking all extremities upon forfeitures, without respect either to Age or Sex, never paid any poor man any due, though never so dearly earn'd, &c. In fine, he had the Conscience of a Pawn-broker, or a Catchpole Serjeant: The little Devil was much pleased at the prospect of his easie supply, but he found at his return the account wrong stated, and mist of his prize accordingly; which the great Devil enquiring about the circumstances of at his return, with no small wonder was answered, that a Divine had been with him some hours before he died, and had over-ruled him to give all his Estate to charitable uses, and so he was slept up to Heaven: who has he made Trustee? said the great Devil; a Mayor, and twelve Aldermen, says the little one: well enough, quoth the great one, we'll have all them. Though this be but a Story, yet there's a Moral in the tail of it, for I could give several instances where Corporations have performed their trusts at such a rate, as will entitle them to a journey into these Low Countries; and to say truth, the Fox-furr'd Magistracy do not generally distinguish betwixt tinsaw, and tissue, right and rightly, so much talked on by Tully, or Seneca; but by whether, or both, or neither, is not much material to you or me, and are commonly very tender of doing right against a Member of their own, which they call a standing by, or adjusting their Liberties.

But now your Worship may say this is a Satyr upon Corporations, and therefore, when I addrest to you for Patronage, I took a wrong Sow by the ear. I must and will submit all things to your better judgment, but give me leave to add something, that may not be unuseful in the circumstance of present affairs, from the maladministration inseparably annext to Bodies Politique, (where as the Bishop of Quinque Ecclesiæ complains deservedly of the packt Council of Trent, votes are numbred and not weighed) and very unlikely to be otherways. I am afraid the East India and African Companies

practise doth not at all make against what I shall offer, whose methods are so unlike to those unfortunate men, that have any concern amongst them without great purses, that the greatest Extortioner or flee-Flint in nature, would singly be ashamed on, yet in the crouch everything passes for justice.

Now least your Worship should have your Spouses longing to know what I would be at, I tell you that all Societies of men incorporated together, though by the strictest ties of Religion, and Justice are to be postponed to the Government of a single person, would say then, how shall we be safe in our concerns, if one man be the sole Judge of good and evil? I grant, where a Despotical power is exercised, as it is almost in all Monarchies but here, the Subject is intirely in the Princes power, but that being a thing so extravagant and contrary to the Law, it were impious to fear it, considering the benignity of our Prince: But what I say now is by way of comparison, that a Despotical Government, may, and under the greatest Tyrant in nature, is to be preferred before any sort of incorporated power, for the Tyrant may reform as Manasses did; however he must die, and his Successor may make amends for his Extravagancies: The wicked Achaz was succeeded by the good Hezekiah; whereas an incorporated Power, called by what name you will, never did amend, and which is the insufferable plague of it, is immortal.

If now the greatest Tyranny of a Single Person be to be preferred before the government of many, how religiously in common prudence and justice to our selves ought we to acquiesce under our present condition, the happiness of which I shall neither trouble you nor my self to enlarge upon

You may say now all this is foreign to the matter in hand if so, I cannot much deny it, but onely I being the first that made this kind of address to your Worship, *I do the bolder take upon me the part of a Lib'rtine, in the way of it, as being unwilling to tie my self up to any form soever, we must now say somewhat of the discourse pretended to be answered, viz.*

The Dialogue betwixt *Cit* and *Bumkin*, *hath a great vogue in the World, for an Author of no mean account*, Vol. 1 Num. 3 Pag. 31 *draws this indelible character*, Those that will bestow twelve pence *on two Books* brimful of sense, good nature, and discretion, *let them purchase* both first and second Part of those learned discourses *Cit* and *Bumkin*. *But now Authors vary, whether this great character was figurative or no, to incline to the affirmative, there is an Advertisement subjoyned*, how a Gentleman may live by his fingers ends, scribble thread-bare extravagancies two and forty times over, and each time answer them himself, and so (*for want of another Adversary*) *reply, rejoyn, surrejoyn all alone* tosses quotes *as his pinching necessities shall require, written originally in that Babylonish language by* Quevedo's *Ghost, translated by* Don Splutterado *Knight of the craving Fob*.

But it is now fit that I should give your Worship a reason of my undertaking; the chief thing induced me to it, was the just disdain I had, that such a Pigme *should attaque so boldly, and by so opprobrious names, such considerable orders of men as he brings under that name, of which there is some account given in the following Colloquy. Now if his friends object, that the language is too tart upon him, let them consider his own methods of using others, but he may be more excusable for it than his Opponent, considering the Academy of* Newgate, *which though, as he says, is famous for breeding politick men, yet for polite and just language is not inferiour to the Nunnery of* Billings gate.

You may object Sir, if you please too, why no sooner? when stout Authors write Books as fast as Jugglers spue Ribands: but you may see by that that your Worships Orator does not write for daily bread, whatever others do.

I should not have said much more in this case, but that there is lately printed an abusive Paper, called, Popery in Masquerad

Masquerade, in Skeldry; which by the Authors favour, whom I think a great friend to the Author of Cit and Bumpkin, by his stiling Dick and Tom, the pretended Answer to that Discourse, amongst those Pamplets he calls seditious; and therefore I must animadvert a little upon the thing it self, as likewise upon that method. As to the thing or print it self, it is sufficiently libellous and scandalous, for it is not so much a dumb narrative of whats past, as a Scheme of what he would intimate is at present designed: That it is not a Narrative of whats past I offer this, the things are so unfitimed, for he displayes all the Rabble of Sects, upon a consult jointly petitioning, and John Presbyter Chairman; now he that knows any thing, must know (and that Author is old enough for a personal knowledge in that case) that those Sects of Muggletonians, Quakers especially James Naylor (who suffered his punishment by order of a number of men called a Parliament in the Protectorate of Oliver) were not so much as heard of, when John the Presbyter was Chairman; nay the Independents themselves were not look upon as considerable at that time, tho afterwards they supplanted their Elder Brother, and at such a rate, that at the time wherein he layes his hopeful harmony for petitioners, the Presbyterians had as little power perhaps as they have now: But to make your Worship the better able to understand my observations upon his Plate, I must give you a short description of it, first he sets the Presbyterian in a Chair in a ridiculous dress, assisted by all the Rabble of Sects, as Adamites, Ranters, and what not, as Counsellours, then he brings the Petitioners, which are onely Swaffs and the Elders, under the Colchester Quaker as if the Mare petitioning against Bishops, Service-Book, Popish Lords and Evil Counsellours, and thanks given them by the Presbyterians, which by the way is a great want of Charity, in him, for tho those kind of petitions was only the result of minds that desired nothing but matter for quarrel, yet none of the four are like our Articles of Faith necessary to Salvation, and

angle-

ought, of the Government had thought fit, have been altered at pleasure, without breach, either of Gods Law or mans, therefore these Petitioners ought not in common good manners, also they deserved a very severe reprimand to be set ranked, for those kind of Petitionings were never charged, which the well natured Author would intimate ought to be upon the decryed Party.

But observe it all along, he is a Gentleman of singular manners as well as discretion, to bring in the Colchester Bridegroom petitioning against Popish Lords, when there is now an Act of State to that purpose, viz. to take away all Legislative power from them, as if that solemn Act which has been gratuously granted as the person of the three Estates, was to be run into reducible by every Buffoon at pleasure, but, I suppose, he stands Candidate to succeed his friend E.H. in his last Eminency.

But now to go on with the discription, he makes all these petitions to be addressed to the Presbyter, and thanks returned to the Petitioners. On the right hand aloft he sets a Cabal of Rascalls, as it were in a consult, opposite on the left hand he sets little Alderman Mac Pennington, and the Pope, under them the Capital letters of Solemn League and Covenant, under that, according to his usual scurrilous way, a piece of Holy Writ, Jer. 6. 5. which he seemingly would seem to apply to that wicked Combination or Covenant. On the right hand below a company of ill like Rascalls with banners, bearing Alderman Gourney, Strafford, and Bishop Laud chained amongst 'em Magna Charta, Bible, and Counsils, &c. underfoot, under all the head of the late King of blessed memory. On the left, opposite to it a great tall Knave spewing of Canons and Common Prayer, &c. his head supported by a plump Harlot. Nigh a little Table in the middle of all a little Rascally fellow for Secretary he sets with pot and pipe, and Monkey by him as Assistant, with a great many other gimcracks not worth mentioning, but I only observe that the scene is by its Companions at the Directory Ordinance ranked amongst those wicked grievances. I wonder why it should, for sure the Animal doth not think, that ever that duty will be taken away. Under all a great deal of Poetry both good, bad, and indifferent in the kind. There are only two verses, that I remark upon, as now very well timed, and tinctured with Jesuites loyalty, he makes a Company of Fellows say thus,

Our design's this, to change the Government,
Set up our selves and do't by Parliament.

A very excellent argument for the setting of that Court, but suitable enough I suppose, to his design, but he ought do well to dissemble such a contrivement, if he knows it, for else misprision of Treason must be his lot, if he knows nothing, but only out of his singular good nature and piety guesses at things,

there

there is a piece of Salust *very applicable,*

Est locus in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.

From what has now been offered, or from their own better understandings, none will, I think, suppose, that this piece of painting is any thing historical, but rather a project now pretendedly in agitation.

As were I have said somewhat of his piety and elaborate piece, so I'll say a little of that way of shellings, it is liked as much as writing, and as much punishable, but yet, I think, a man may lastly put a case of that nature, as thus, admit a Painter drew Oliver newly established in the Protectorate, encamped with all his Mirmidons, all publick Officers and foreign Ministers addressing to him, the area of the Cut bestrewed with all the remnants of a ruined State, as a Crown and Sceptre reversed, the Magna Charta, *the Holy Bible, Acts of Parliament, all thrown about a great Church, without the three Estates, the loyal Gentry and Nobility looking through Perspective glasses, &c. and at the lower end of all a little dapper fellow with a Chamlet Cloak over his shoulder to cover a hast Vest, making his honours like a mannerly School-Boy, and tolling out of the Pages of honour, that he desires to make an humble oblation of Musick to congratulate his serene Highness's assumption of the Government, as well as to cheer and refresh his mighty Spirits, as an argument to it he had quit that unfortunate side, as might appear by a label out of his mouth, some unlucky body would guess it were an Gentleman that loves to ride high way to the* Paddington *Tree, to be meant by it? Admit again a Painter to draw a pretty well timbred Gentleman, sitting but scribbling laboratory in a thinking posture, and a doughty man of war stemming an trefal sapling over his manly shoulders, which put him into such a posture, as* Eneas *was to be was ready to be pist himself in the storm,*

Duplex tendens ad sydera Palmas

Toha vocc refert. *Which may be Englished, thus,*

He lifting up his mutton fists on high,

Strike not he said before you tell us why.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum, *sayes the angry man of War, for this little Author had been best flattering the great Coke, or which he was with such indignation rebuked. To go on with this Sketchy, admit a Painter should draw a grave antiquated Squire above the great clymatterick, running away with a young Lass in the lawful way of marriage, with her Purse outside outwards, as an emblem of wealth, and the old Gentleman posturing concerning himself, as might appear by the ingenuity of the delineator at this rate,*

Pamph. of Phad. to Hippol. by the Glob.

Love.

Love-pangs in youth with Art we did remove,
But now in riper years with rage we love.

And to say truth, the Gentleman had in his youthful dayes as many remedies against hanging himself for love, as Lukeners lane, *the Old Cherry-Garden, or Madam* Ecar *her Damosels (a Lady of famous in her Generation for these intrigues, as either* Mother Gifford *or* Betty Bulcy *of late and happy memory) could afford. I say, and it like your worships, some would say it was knavishly meant.*

But least you or some wiser Reader should object at the impropriety of making a Pope sometimes talk like a Scholler, it cannot be worse than to make a Europian a Polonian, a Canting Knave, and yet so ignorant in Religion as to talk of the Ten Tables. But when all's done our Lucian *will call me a Libeller, as he does every body, that's not exact according to his own model, and I believe would not forbear a man that should write against the vanity of spending night after night at* Langstrulew, *and losing twenty pound at a time to a Company of Sophisticated, for want of an Assistant to convey the beloved Pam.*

But the Reader may say that is severe upon some Body, but when that somebodies methods are considered, it may not be deemed improper, according to an old piece of Badge-footed Poetry in Manuscript, in answer to an abusive Scot.

Skelton Laureate
Alter this rate
Defendeth with his pen
All Englishmen
From vile *Dundass*
That Scottish Ass.
Dundass so drowzy,
So scab'd and lowzy.
Thou sayest in thy rayles
We Englishmen have tayles,
Behind in my hose
I have a rose
For thy Scottish nose.

And so I kiss your Worships hands, and remain

Your most humble Servant

E. P

A

DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

Captain *Crackbrain* and *Tom* the *Cheshire* Piper.

IN ANSWER TO

CIT and BUMPKIN

At a Side-board of a Coffee House.

Capt. ON my soul, thats *Tom* the Piper that sits so gravely there: He is a notable Knave, Ile accost him, pretend acquaintance, and get something out of him; how, dost thou *Tom*? I think there is no body left in the house but us two, if thou wilt I'le sit down by ye.

Tom. You are welcome, but I declare against all things that are not of English manufacture, let's have a Mug of Ale, and I'le joyn with you.

Capt. A match.

Tom. Sir, may I beg the favour of your name?

Capt. My name is *Crackbrain*.

Tom. A very good family; of the North or the West?

Capt. I'me of the *Crackbrains* of the North, where my family has flourished some hundreds of years: But lets talk now of other matters, and because I hear you to be book learned, I'le ask you what you think of the Dialogue twixt *Cit* and *Bumpkin*?

Tom. I think it a very Scoffing Scurrilous pamphlet, and that the Author is within the equity of the Pillory; for he without any due regard to good manners, or truth, bespatters many of the Nobility, the most eminent Gentry, and Citizens with the baseſt and meaneſt practiſes of Forgery imaginable: For can any thing be more vile? Or anything more malicious? than to do, as *Bumpkin*, charged himſelf withal, namely to fill up Sheets with *Smiths*, and *Waikers*, &c. To amuſe the Nation with numbers; as if they meant ſomething further.

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Capt. I muſt take upon me the defence, and therefore I believe the Authour was in the right as to the charge

Tom. Ay, and for women to underwrite for their Huſbands in the *Weſt Indies* too.

ibid.

Capt. I muſt and will undertake his defence, becauſe of my alltance with him.

Tom. I thought ſo, for I'le be hanged if he be not of the noble houſe of the *Crackbrains* too. But hearke you Captain, make good the defence of that, *Si cris mihi magnus Apollo.*

Capt. I'le ſay this, that there is nothing in that Paper thats either diſloyal or Popiſh.

Tom. Not in point blank terms, but without much difficulty reducible to either of thoſe heads.

Capt. What the Pox, you do not take the Authour for a Papiſt or a Plotter?

Tom. He is one of the *Multis* though.

Capt What's that?

Tom. Saluſt telling the opinion of the People about *Catalin's* Plot, ſayes, *Multis ob ſtultitiam non putabant, multi ob ignorantiam non videbant, multis ob prauitatem non credebant. & non credendo conjurationem adjuuabant*: Which I have got turned thus into Meter

Some

Some were such Sots they did not think,
Some men so silly as to wink,
Some lewder Knave believ'd it not,
By which they did help on the Plot.

Crack. I must confess that's a very apposite applicati-
on; but do you think then, that Author to be a Papist?

Tom. No, on my Conscience, but a Protestant Gentleman, because he somewhere sayes so, but he might as well have said Protestantish, as he scurrilously sayes in another place, but however he is in his Religion, I am sure he is a Papist in faction, as many others are.

Crack. On my Conscience you might as well have charged Mr.—— so.

Tom. None will be so impudent sure, as to fix any such imputation, upon such a Pillar of the Church, such a Steeple of Truth as he is known to be? but yet if a man consider his further discovery of the Plot dedicated to Dr. *Titus Oats*, his Passion for him, if he be a Protestant, will be very sedate, for what Jesuit could lessen the Doctors testimony, or narrative of the Plot, more than he has done, by saying, *I believe the Plot, and as much of it, as every good Subject ought to believe, or as any man in his right wits can believe, nay Ile so absolutely believe it, that in my Conscience you your self Doctor do not believe more of it than I do*, and then very wittily, according to his facetious way of scoffing, compares the whole thing to the ruining of *butter'd Turnips*, he might have said *Cods heads*, it would have made up the simile every whit as well; might not any dying Priest have said the same, and have salved all by equivocation though he believed not a word of the Doctors Depositions, as, I suppose, Mr.—— does not: Well, in fine Captain, had that discourse been put into Meter, it would have been the subject of many witty Ballads.

Capt. I vow *Tom*, you are very rude with a Gentleman, that bears so considerable a figure in the Government, as sis known he does: I professe you deserve to be severely punished.

Tom. No, no, he did, he may say *fuimus Troes*, he was some-body, when he had the Superintendency of your little Books and Ballads, which brought in many a half Crown before he came to that preferment, he may remember he was as mutinous in print as any body, because he could get nothing, then the Government lay under a male-administration, when the Advocate General which should have tryed him for his loyalty, which he can never be sufficiently commended for, came to be Chancellor of *Norwich*, he was about that time very pert with the King too, for giving greater gifts to a Lord, that had been of the other side, than suitable to his great mind, so to quiet him, it was allowed him to writ things like the Old *Diurnals*, twice a week, which he did for about six years, with no small satisfaction to himself, till at last, he stuft his papers with such little things as where *Rowland Pipes* lived, and how Goodman *Shuffe* was choaked with eating a two peny Custard for a wager, *&c.* That it was not decent to the grandeur of the Nation, to have such a publick Notary, and so the Gazet way of writing yet continued, was taken up.

Capt. This is passion, but after all, pr'thee *Tom* tell me your opinion concerning Dr. *Oates* his Depositions, for I'm sure you'r a man of observation.

Tom. I have read them, and I have read some other things, and have read him too by some small conversation, the measures I took from thence is, that I do take the Doctors Narrative to be the real truth which time ment about it, for he has not compass enough to invent will at last bring forth, though many are a little impa-

such

such a lie, and so circumstantiated, for I assure you he is no Sophister, witness his indiscretions to the Episcopal Clergy, and his slight speaking of them, which must be imputed to his education, being bred a Phanatique, than turn'd Papist, now that's laid aside, he may be the same again, so I conclude him governed by truth then, because now governed by a thing like Conscience but had he been a man of those intrigues, florid Parts, as the learned Author of *Cit and Bumpkin*, so well able to invent and polish a tale, with prophane swearing and other proper circumstances, as he has shewn himself all along to be in that discourse, I should have no more believ'd the Plot from the Doctors single testimony, than I believe the method of getting hands have been as he would insinuate.

Capt. Truly you must give him a grain of allowance, for he was in *New-Gate* prison before the Kings return, and now begins to be uneasie by loss of his place, by the freedome of trade, which has been onely enough to some, and some other things in the world that are uneasie to him, which makes him very passionate at any thing like Fanaticism, which he takes every thing to be that does not absolutely *quadrate* with his own *caprice*. I must speak truth though I be his Cozin.

Tom You put me in mind of a story when Bishop *Bonner* came out of the *Marshelsea*, to exercise his Episcopal Office in Queen *Maries* time, he behaved himself very extravagantly to some Gentlemen, that came to wait on him in his visitation, which when one of his Servants would have excused by his late coming out of Prison, a Gentleman replied, he is lately come out of the *Marshelsea*, and now he is fit to go to *Bethlehem*, but there is a Friend of mine on *J. Newton*, that lives on *Clerken Well Green*, that cures all mad People, that are

not

not moped, as he fayes in his printed Paper, if he would repair thither, he might be accommodated, and this poor Nation at quiet, for his distemper is far from any thing like mopishness, being so mercurial a Gentlemen as he is known to be, and therefore as my Author fays very curable.

Capt. There is no dealing with you, you are so bitter upoo my Cozen, we'le call our old cause over again, I'm ready to do as I said, defend that Dialogue.

Tom. So you say, but heark you Captain, you may be a man of sence for all that, do you not think it a very flagitious thing for a little unknown fellow, to comprehend all the states, orders, and divisions of men, both Lords, Citizens, and Commons of *England* under the opprobrious names of *Cat* and *Pumpkin*, names so reproachful, that the meanest spirit in *England* would make a repartee with a Cudgel to Answer to either of them,

Capt. He meant only the seditious part of them, I suppose that is them, that were for petitioning, which was pursued with great Zeal by all sort of Phanatiques.

Tom. From whence you most logically conclude it was a seditious contrivance.

Cap. Yes, marry do I.

Tom. Not in fair good Captain, there is no Law against it, and where no Law, no transgression yet that shameless Author would insinuate a disposition of rebellion from it: Otherwayes he would not treat the Petioners at that scurrilous rate as he does all along, and truly Captain (for I do not love to swear nor talk prophanely, as that Author makes his *Cat* and *Pumpkin*, do very often,) had not his Majesty declared his dislike against it, as not suitable to his Royal will and pleasure,

which

which modeſt men out of good manners would not oppoſe, the Petition had been ſubſcribed, as generally as ever any was, for notwithſtanding all his malicious charges againſt it, it was not *malum in ſe*, not ill in it ſelf, but as it was circumſtanced with the Kings will to the contrary.

Capt. But what ſay you, to all the Phanatiques ſo cordially joyning in it, may not that beget a ſuſpicion juſtly, that there was ſomething intended that might be *malum in ſe*, ill in it ſelf?

Tom. Not at all, doth not the Scripture tell you that the Phariſees were great Soliticators of the old Law, confounding it by unwritten Traditions? yet they are not blamed, neither is the doctrine of the reſurrection diſparaged, for their ſtout aſſertion of it.

Capt. You ſay well, then I ſee that a Phanatique may ſometimes be in the right, as well as the wicked Phariſees, or the Papiſts.

Tom. Who doubts it?

Capt. I percieve you are, though not for the defence, of Petitioning, yet for the defence of the ſubject matter of it, what ſay you to the *twitting the King with his Coronation Oath? that delinquents may be brought to puniſhment, and then the Parliament was to ſit as long as they pleaſed.*

Tom. I believe it an unjuſt chage, as to the main, for though poſſibly ſome might be ſo indiſcreet as to name that Oath, not with that due reſpects to his Majeſty, yet I'm confident none was ever ſo impudent as to demand, in terms, the bringing delinquents to Puniſhment, being that was ſo notorious a 1641 term, as muſt diſpleaſe all men, that are not of thoſe principles, but poſſibly there might be ſomething of trying the Lords in the Towet, which might give the Proteſtantiſh Author occaſion of that

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flouriſh, as if their Caſe was paralel to thoſe worthy Lords and Gentlemen, then called Delinquents, than which nothing can be more vilely inſinuated, but as to his laſt charge, that the Parliament was to ſit as long as they pleaſed, I'm ſure it is ſo notoriouſly falſe, as nothing but a man of a bold front could have ſaid it, I wiſh he had been in *Scotland*, and a Subject to their Lawe, when he ſaid it.

Capt. Prithee why ſo?

Tom. They have a Law there, as I have been informed, called the Statute of *Leaſing*, that if any man by prepenſe falſe ſuggeſtion or inſinuation accuſe a Lord, ſo as he may be capitally queſtioned, it is capital in the Accuſer; if that Law was on force here, my little Fellow would be collered, for can any thing be more malitious, than to accuſe a Body of Men of attempting a thing which cannot be acted without the greateſt treaſon imaginable, as that of perpetuating a Parliament, for that's the Engliſh of ſitting as long as they pleaſe, meant by the ingenious Authour?

Capt. He but tells you that a Country Juſtice ſaid ſo ſomewhere upon the Bench, and ſo they are not his his words.

Tom. A Writer of Dramatique or Dialogue is to anſwer always for what he makes the Perſons ſpeak, which might be the occaſion of that Statute for the puniſhment of prophane Swearing by Players of interludes, which our Author is not free from, it may be that quality made him nameleſs, for fear ſome croſs grain'd Cut of the Bench ſhould have levyed the twelve pence's upon him. But this muſt be wholly an Artifice to blacken the Petition, for no Juſtice in the Country, nor *Weſtminſter* neither, though many of them, are far from Conjurers could ever be ſo fond to aſſert a thing, ſo wholly and

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in every parcel an untruth: but there may be strange children now, as there were in *David's* time, whose mouth speaketh vanity, from whom the Prophet prayed deliverance, *Psal.* 144. v 11.

Cap. Why you are a strange man, to expect literal truths from a man that writes in my Friends mystical way?

Tom. Heark you Captain, if your Friend in his mystical way had abused me in particular, as he has almost the whole Nation in general, I would in down-right terms have broken his head, whensoever I had met him, and in the mean time have cudgelled you, noble Captain, till you had discovered his name, though I be but a Piper, call me *Sumkye*? I would have him know, and you too, that I'm the 24th Piper of my Family, licensed by the Heirs of *Dutton*, now Lord *Gerard*, a Faculty saved to that Family by two Acts of Parliament; so we are no Rogues, like your South Country Fidlers, Captain.

Capt. You are very hot, cooler language would do as well, for hot words do no business.

Tom. Well, well; but what say you to that detracting passage, that it would be never the worse, if they, *viz.* the men of Estates, *were out of favour at Court; for an honest revenge, ye know, goes a great way with a tender Conscience.* Pag. 6.

Capt. Very well.

Tom. How can any thing be more base than this, to desire that the men of Estates should be out of favour at Court, because it would prompt them to revenge, as he very Christianly insinuates, the consequence of which must be a War, as he must hope: but I wonder he should, when he is a man of known modesty before an Enemy, if he be the man I guess; but he is a publick spirited man, and so hopes a War as the only expedient

to set aside all Petitioning for the future: for to say truth, there will be nothing left upon such success as he proposes to petition for; but if there be no better conduct than his, there may be a mistake in measures: our last War was occasioned from such rascally Politiques to press both sides to extremities, and foment all differences into the bargain too, as I have been told; but I hope to see a thousand such raskally Pickthanks hanged, before any thing of that happen.

Capt. But to out my Cosin very witty, when he says it is a blessing to have neither Friend, nor Money, and yet to design to be taken prisoner, as the way to both, and makes it out very prettily?

Tom. Yes faith he is, but why the pox doth he not pursue his own methods to preferment, take a Goal, for on my Conscience he cannot crack of either, for how he should have Friends that hath abused the whole Nation I see not, neither how he should abound in Money; for Lands he has none, I believe.

Pag. 7.

Capt. Then you think *Tom* a Goal is the fittest place for my Cosin?

Tom. Aye truly do I.

Capt. But do you not like his brave description of the benefits of a Prison, and the Rogueries of those that ply there to that purpose?

Tom. Truly like the rest, for from the converse of *Newgate*-birds, he concludes all the Intrigues of the World to be managed at the same Religious Rule, and then makes his *Cat.* an Officer of Address, as one may call him, but he keeps his Office no where that I can find out but in your Cosin *Crackbrains* Noddle.

Capt. But what think you of the discovery of a new Plot, in case the Petition had gone on? of five Petitioners

ons more, if the Parliament had met; one against the Lords in the *Tower*, another for the sitting of the Parliament till they had gone through with what they had to do, a third for taking away Bishops Votes, a fourth for the remove of Evil Councellors, a fifth for putting the *Militia* into safe hand.

Tom. Your Cosin might do well to produce the draught of such Petitions, or at least name some-body besides his *Nunkin* that had seen some such thing, otherways he is to be taken for a Make-bate, and a Lyar; and truly we have reason to acquiesce under the Government of our gracious Prince, that cannot be provoked by such sycophantly Knaves to do any thing but what becomes him: But your Cosin shews himself a good man upon all occasions, by ranging all those Petitions together, as if to Petition for the Tryal of the Lords was equally criminal with the rest, and any thing more reflect upon the Honour of the King, Parliament, and whole Nation, than to insinuate, which must be a necessary consequence of so marshalling the Petitions, that a Petition against the Lords, impeached by Parliament for High-Treason, when a Court is in being that can only take Cognizance of their Affairs, is to be ranked amongst Misdemeanours of the highest nature; if this do not proceed from a design which I think is not very Protestantish of running the Plot into *Shans*, I am mistaken.

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Capt. But hark you, Minstrel does not my Cosin go on bravely, when he tells us what dangerous Rogues the Citizens are, and what designs they have still on foot, to distract, if not subvert the Government, by contriving new methods of Petitioning, and telling us, that those *Heads will find hands if there should be occasion*? On my Conscience he is a notable man.

Pag. 12.

Tom. So he is, and a bold one too, I think, to aſperſe by intimation ſo conſiderable a body of men, as the City of *London*, with contrivances againſt the Government, only to ſhew his Wit, without the leaſt ground imaginable as I can ſee. I tell you, if it was in *France*, as fond as he is of that Government, they would anger him, for he would without doubt be put to the queſtion, that a diſcovery might be made of ſuch grand deſigns in agitation, and if it proved all a Staff of his own, as I dare ſwear this is, then I believe he would be broke upon the Wheel, for endeavouring to bring the King into a jealouſie of his good City of *Paris*.

Capt. But is not my Coſin an excellent Caſuiſt, by running his diviſions upon Conſcience?

Tom. Yes, in his ſcoffing way; but I muſt tell both him and you, in anſwer to his frequent running that expreſſion, *Of the people of the Lord unto ridicule*; though I am as far from believing that thoſe pretenders are ſuch, yet God hath a people that he will vindicate one day, to the confuſion of faces of all them *that ſit in the ſeat of the ſcornful.*

Capt. But has he not mauld the *Predeſtinarians* with their Doctrine of Neceſſity?

Tom. He is too ſhallow for that; he hath a little droll'd upon the conſequence of the Opinion: but I tell you Capt. what *I* heard a *Blackſmith* over a Pot of Ale ſay the other day, that every futurity, or thing to come, was certain in it ſelf, whether it ſhould happen or not, and that cannot be denied Captain.

Capt. It cannot.

Tom. If ſo, what room then for free Agency, when its impoſſible to remove a certainty: But as *I* heard a Divine ſay once, no created underſtanding can comprehend the difference betwixt Gods certain foreſight and

and predestinating, so I leave it, and I am sure he would not have medled with it, but that he could fix something of reproach upon the party, from the consequences of it, meeting with some bad practices of hypocritical men; but yet as generally as it is now decryed, it hath been otherway, for they that know any thing, know that most of the Bishops, and generally the inferiour Clergy were of that Opinion, and yet very holy and pious men in their Generations, for all his scoffs that he fixes upon that Opinion by inference, for none was ever yet so impudent to assert in terms what he makes his *Cat* to do, and truly I do believe he is of the *Cats* Opinion, that a thing may be sin in one which is not in another; for lying, though it be sin in most men, is not so in him as he thinks, he otherways would not have so much used it. Pag 13.

Capt. How came you *Tom Piper* to be such a distinguisher, I did not expect it from you?

Tom. My Mother was a Parsons Daughter, had little to her Portion but a few Books and Sermon Notes of her Fathers, which I used to read at spare times to the Neighbourhood, and so became thus skilful.

Capt. Well, what think you of his clawing the Rogues off for their old Rebellion, is't not manly and brave?

Tom. It is a thing that has been said a thousand times when it was so, but now it looks like breaking the Act of Oblivion, a thing that his Majesty, to his Immortal Honour, holds sacred; such a little Rat as he methinks should not be nibling, when the Lyon is unconcerned.

Capt. Cit and *Bumkin* drunk, and why may not we within then? two Pots, and shut the door after you. But what thinkst thou *Tom*, to page 26. is Pag 26

it not an excellent facetious discourse, displaying Villany in its proper colours?

Tom. It is rather a teaching people how to be Villains; like your fashionable Plays, teach more sins than they reprove.

Capt. My Cosin cannot I see get your good word, but I'le make you Friends.

Tom. As how?

Capt. You'l Pipe at his Wifes next Churching, and then I'm sure the half Gimney and the Frumenty will please you.

Tom. Let it alone till then, but in the mean time I'le give a short account of my sentiments of those ten Pages.

Capt. Let's have it then.

Tom. He begins with comparing *Presbyterians* and *Jesuites*, a thing now that is *trite*, and thredbare, there is a Book called *Lysimachus Nicanor* that has done it more to the purpose, writ nigh forty years agone, but yet in his tails upon the later, he speaks ironically of the Plot. (when he calls the Jesuites the *Heads of it upon the King, &c.*) as a man must needs conclude that reads the whole discourse, especially if that Author had any intelligence or correspondence with the Author of the further discovery dedicated to Dr. *Titus Oates*, and that flourish might have been as decently saved, besides his Pen too much resembles a Clever, cuts only one way, as a man may easily observe, by his constant pinching upon that party for the 64. business, a thing that none of them has the face now publickly to justifie, and his passing by the Rebellion in *Ireland*, accompanied with the murder of nigh a million of Protestants, without the least reflection, though that Villany be yet justified, or at least not owned to be so by that Party, as it was at first

first abetted by the Pope, and then after all, as if he would make himself compleatly wicked, he scandalizes the Protestant Religion, which the late King of blessed memory owo'd that he fought for, as may be seen yet by his Declarations, and the inscription upon his Coyns, stampt at the beginning of the late Rebellion: for by that is meant, as he makes his Critic to say, the Religion of the dissenters from the Church; a distinction that the late blessed Martyr would not have thankt him for.

Capt. I perceive you are very pointed upon my Friend still, but go on.

Tom. Then he goes on with teaching a method of Villany which he would call discovering, to inflame the Nation, and widen the breaches betwixt the King and his People, for why else should he, amongst other things, lay such a stress upon the Kings being one of the three Estates, and make such damn'd inferences, a thing decried by all sober men, because declared otherwise in the Preambles of several acts of Parliament, and yea the good King in a Message to the two Houses owned three Estates, when the Bishops were by Act removed, of which by consequence he must be one, but that may be look't upon, considering the novelry of that disposition to be a lapse in the Secretary, and so no weight to be laid upon it. I refer you to the Declaration bearing date from *York, June* 13. 1642. Then he falls upon the light and foolish antick gestures of the Conventiclers, with their fond metaphors not worth answering, because none so foolish as to adjust them, then he goes on, as if the Plot was only a blind to enrage people, and that there was a real design to destroy the Hierarchy, and all the Sons of the Church, by the name of the Papists in Masquerade, and get all the places of profit to themselves.

Capt.

Capt. Is not that very well hinted?

Tom What are you a hinter and a holder forth? so its well hinted of buzzing into the peoples ears to dispose them to Rebellion, of the Emperour of *Morocco's* landing upon *Salisbury Plain* 35000 light Horse men, and a great many other Fopperies, not worth taking notice on.

Capt. To say truth, there are a great many little things in it, but there must be something to fill up, or else it would not come to account, it would not advance from the Stationers any thing considerable.

Tom. But he should have studied propriety of things to have made 'em pass the better: Is it not, think you, a well-laid thing, to make his *Bumkin* whom he represents, a cunning, projecting, canting Knave? to bring in a story by the head and shoulders of *Moses*, and the ten Tables, and correcting himself with a thundering Oath, one that he afterward makes justifying the three Estates, and other intrigues of Politiques, it might have passed, had he laid the Scene amongst his friends in *Flanders*, and then saying that he had read in a Book that the Bishops in H Eighths time made the ten Commandments, and make foolish inferences from thence too. The whole thing is a lye, for no man ever yet read any such thing in a Book, but in his scurrilous Pamphlets the nearest to it is, what Bishop *Spotswood* reports of the Priests in *Scotland* about that time, that they would have made the common people believe, the more to incense them against *Patrick Hamilton*, and the Gospellers of that Age, that *Martin Luther* and his Complices made the New Testament, or at least S. *Pauls* Epistles, but *touch not mine Anointed*: I hope the ingenious Author is too wise to make reflections of that nature

Capt. But

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But I perceive you care not what reflections you make upon my friend.

Tom. Your friend is unknown to me, he should have set his name, and then it may be he had been safer, but I suppose his modesty would not permit it.

Capt. Well, is this all you have to say?

Tom. There needs not, I think, but one word more, at last he falls foul by his *Cit* upon *Le Strange*, whom he calls Dog in a doubler or worse, but after all he ends in a panagyrick of his wisedome.

To 'em Make a noise Tom, *as out of a Closset.*

Capt. I do not like this eves-dropping, yet, I hope, I have said nothing, that I need care who hears: however *Tom the Pudding-pie-man* is a good honest fellow, I have wasted some pence with him.

Make a noise Tom. Come Gentlemen you have been in eager discourse, but I did hear the subject matter of it very well

Tom. I was only making some passionate observations upon a Book twice or thrice printed, called *Cit* and *Bumkin*, which he undertook wholly, and in every part to defend.

Make a noise T. What you *Captain Crackfort* turn'd Advocate? must *Cicero pro Milone* be reacted by you with a horse pox to your Captainship? How long is it since I relieved you, and a thin starved thing eclipped your Boy, with ten penyworth of Pudding pies, when you and he had lived three dayes upon stewed fiddle-strings? I tell thee *Tom Piper*, how this fellow came by the doughty name of Captain, he was a foot Souldier in *Oliver's* time, and upon a march stole a live Pike in an Inn, out of a Pale, and put it into his Breeches, because

he saw his Comrade had done the like to a Barbel, but presently his manful roars made a discovery, so he was cashiered, pretended it was for his loyalty, and from that time dubb'd himself Captain. But as to the discourse, I tell thee Old Souldier, that if he, or thou, or any body that wears a head, God bless the King, should have call'd, or shall call me by the contemptible name of *Cit* (though I be but free of the Porters Company) I would and will, if ever it be any mans ill luck so to do, all to be pudding-pie his Calves-head: What *Cit*?

Capt. How I am now like to be worried betwixt these two learned men? *Tom Peper* and *Make a noise Tom* the Pudding Wright: Well, well, but though you quarrel, my friend, for his names of *it* and *Sunken*, yet Mr. *Truman* speaks very heavenly by the same Authors directions: speak against that if you dare, the best of you.

Make a noise T. Mr. *Truman* speaks truly of the Papists, but not all that a true Son of the Church might have said, he sayes in answer to the Charge, that the Papists loyalty was in their own defence, being in a manner necessitated to that side, that it was better, if so, than fighting against the King, and further that no man drew his sword in the opposite cause, *but known Separatists*, and *that not one Separatist struck in the Kings quarrel*, he might have added, if he had thought fit, that after the King was outed, not one Papist ever entered into a Plot for his Restitution, but the whole truth was not his business, whereas the Schismaticks, as he boldly enough calls some sort of men, asserted the Kings Cause in the lowest Ebb: and that so bravely both by outward force, and other less visible endeavours, that the Kings Restitution must be ascribed to them, as to the second cause, which made some amends for the former deviation; I tell thee *Crackbrain*, had the King had no better friends than the Papists, he

he had never seen the English shore again.

Capt. But have you read on?

Make a noise T. Yes, and find the business about the three Estates repeated over again to no purpose, wherein the learned Author has with great reputation to himself proved the Scow white.

Cap. But what think you of his bringing in *Le Strange*'s Epistle to the History of the Plot: is not that a heeler?

Make a noise T. Like the rest, for I have not much to say about that Gentleman, either *pro* or *con*, for they say he is a very pretty man at small matters, but those two Authors do most harmoniously agree in driving on, and fixing a worse Plot upon the Non-Conformists, which they both are careful to improve, which is by their favour a setting up of the worship of false Gods, to lessen, if not to destroy the worship of the true one, so whilst they would alarm the Nation with this Chymera of a Plot to be found no where, but in their learned Brains, the true Plot will weather off, or which is worse, go on.

Cap. I think you are as hard to please as *Tom Piper*. I had thought you had revered Mr. *Strange* at another rate, than to speak so indifferently of him.

Make a noise T. Indifferently do you call it? I wonder that I, or any other good Subject should do so, especially when it is considered who licensed *Humane Reason*, that Book, that deserved to be but at by the common Hangman, as a great Lord said some bodies else did.

Cap. But did not he say then in excuse that he would license no answer to it?

Make a noise T. It may be so but that resolves into this, that he would license any thing for the Fees of it.

Capt. I'le tell him what you say, and then 'faith he'l

maul you in a Ballad, *with news the time* as well as he hath done somebody else.

Tom Piper. Pray Gentlemen not so fast, fair and softly goes far on a day.

Capt. But do you hear *Make a noise Tom*, how do you like Mr. *Truman's* description of the duty of Subjects, and Kings?

Make a noise T. I shall tell you my mind as to that too, for I have read the Book o're: and we Pie men are old Dog at Politiques in this communicative age. Well, now as to that, by multitude of questions, he perplexes the Cause, for if he layd down for his position this truth, *That in no Cases whatsoever it can be lawful for a Subject to arm against his Prince*, there had been then no Room for a shift, but he makes his *Cat* ask a knavish question, *What if a King will transgress all the Laws of God and man? may not the People resume their trust?* The answer is in the negative, but a man might have shap'd another answer as pertinent.

Capt. As how?

Make a noise T. When God gives over Kings to be wholly led by their sensual appetites, and to lay aside all manner of Justice, he often suffers the People to be so too, for the world is rather governed by example than Precept. There are many sad examples of that kind, as of *Don Pedro* the cruel of *Castile* stabb'd to death by his Bastard Brother. *Wenceslaus* King of *Bohemia*, once imprisoned and when he had by miracle recovered his Estate, grew so barbarously cruel to all ranks of men, that the Citizens of *Prague* rose as one man against him, upon which news, being in the Castle, he fell into a fit of an Apoplexy, and died suddenly. *Christiern* the second of *Denmark*, who was deposed by his Unkle *Frederick*. And of later years Sultan *Ibrahim* the Great Turk, who

was for his outragious lusts and other extravagancies, depos'd and strangled in the *Seragho*. There is a living example of that kind, *Sebastian* of *Portugal*, set aside and imprisoned by his Brother, who now injoys as the reward of his fact both his Brothers wife and Kingdom, and yet not so much as a Sword, or Pen manag'd in his behalfs by these examples, though it cannot be denied, but it is the Subjects duty to suffer patiently, and like the *Theban* Legion, suffer themselves to be cut in pieces, rather than to resist, as Mr. *Truman* well observed yet nature in those Cases is often so strong, that there is no trusting to it.

Tom. I perceive then, that your opinion is, that it is safer for Princes to keep within due moderation, as to their administration, than to do otherwise, notwithstanding they have so much right on their sides, even as to this world; for if a Nation should be under such unhappy circumstances, as to have the Prince and People at difference, the Divines of the Popular, as well as the other, would from Texts of Scripture, whether misapplied or no, not material offer *Pillows* to both Parties, as is well observed in an excellent Passage out of *Denhams Sophy, Page* 44.

—poor Princes! how are they misled?
Whilst they whose sacred Office is to bring
Kings to obey their gods, and men their King,
By these mysterious hooks to fix and tie
Them to the foosteps of the Deity,
Even by these men, Religion that should be
The Curb, is made the Spur to Tyranny:
They with their double Key of Conscience bind
The Subjects, and leave Kings unconfind,
While their poor Vassals sacrifice their bloods,

T' ambition, and to avarice their Goods:
Blind to devotion, they themselves esteem,
Made for themselves, and all the world for them,
Whilst Heaven's great Law, given for guid appeare
Just or unjust, but as it wairs on theirs,
Un'd but to give the Eccho to their words,
Power to their Wills, and Edges to their Swords,
To varnish all their Errors, and secure
The ills they act, and all the world endure.
Thus by their Arts, Kings awe the World, whilst they
Religion, as their Mistress seem t' obey,
Yet as their Slave command her, whilst they seem
To rise to Heaven, they make Heaven stoop to them:
Nor is this all, where feign'd devotion bends
The highest things to serve the basest ends.
For if the many headed Beast hath broke,
Or shaken from his neck the Royal Yoke,
With popular rage Religion doth conspire,
Flows into that, and swells the Torrent higher.
Then Powers first Pedegree from force derives,
And calls to mind the old Prerogatives
Of free born man, and with a saucy eye,
Searches the heart and soul of Majesty,
Then to a strict and censure brings
The actions, errours, and the end of Kings,
Treads on Authority, and sacred Laws,
Yet all for God and his pretended cause;
Acting such things for him, which he in them,
And which themselves in others would condemn.
Thus now ingag'd, nor safely can retire,
Nor safely stand, but blindly bold aspire,
Forcing their hopes, even through despair to climb
To new attempts, disdain the present time,
Grow from disdain, to threats, from threats to arms,

Whilſt they, though Sons of peace, ſtill found th'alarm.
Thus whether Kings or People ſeek extreams,
Still Conſcience and Religion are their Themes?
And whatſoever change the State invades,
The Pulpit either forces or perſwades.
Others may give the fewel or the fire,
But they the blaſt, which makes the flame flame higher.

Make a noiſe T. I perceive by this you Poets are an extraordinary ſort of men, for as I have been told, that was written before the late Wars, and I ſee by this that there will never want upon the ſame unlucky occaſion high Boyes on both ſides, but thou haſt a plaguy memory to remember all this ſtuffe, I wonder how thou doſt it, I can hardly remember the Lords Prayer.

Tom. Nature always ſupplies Fools and blind men with a ſpecial gift that way.

Capt. You may think there may be no harm in this Poetry, but, I aſſure you, if my Coſin comes to know of it: he'l make you prove where you had it.

Make a noiſe T. That's as eaſily done Captain *Crackbrains*, as to prove your ingenious Coſin to be a Penſioner to ſome body, that he does not think fit to own.

Capt. You mean the Lords in the Tower I warrant you if you doſt ſpeak.

Tom. What if one did? you are ne're the better, its no Libel, neither will an Action on the Caſe lie for abuſing Captain *Crackbrains* Coſin nameleſs: But faith, if you will Captain we'l call for the other friendly pot, three double Mugs of Ale within there- now lets talk in cooler terms.

Make a noiſe T. I am for peace, but yet *in utrumque paratus*

Capt. Where got you all this Latine? I did not expect it,

in, neither with going to Sermons, nor crying *Make a noise Tom.*

Make a noise T. They are the remains of my schooling.

Capt. You are then I believe a man of Intrigue, some Jesuit in disguise, pray give me your opinion, whats the best way to grow rich; for I am of the opinion of that Author, that cried, *O Cives, Cives, quærendæ, pecunia primum,*

Virtus post nummos.

My Masters and Friends, let us first grow rich,
Then virtue ll come, or vice no matter which.

Tom. A very learned Colloquy amongst us three *Virtuosi.*

Make a noise T. If by riches you mean preferment, I'le tell you mine opinion, and illustrate it by some Examples: first I do not like the *Cits* way of Imprisonment in order it, for that meets with so many difficulties, as are not easily to be o'recome.

Capt. You tell me which is not the way, pray tell me which is, for without better directions, I le ne're come to my Journies end.

Make a noise T. There is a way, which has thriven well with a namesake of mine, and many others too, namely to abette the Rebuplican interest, incumber the Prerogative with *Magna Charta*, the *Petition of Right*, and *Property*, so that it shall be a meer empty name, but be sure you be a patriot Pratlebasket upon that Subject, then you'l be taken off, as my Namesake is, by which he hath got to be either the third, fourth, or fifth part of a great Officer of State.

Tom. I cannot find out the interest of taking Men off, that is of bring men to personate an honest man, for to be sure upon the first occasion they'l come to themselves, act the Knaves part again, for they are so still in their hearts.

Make

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Make a noise T. You say well, but its often the luck of those Sophisters to be served so.

Cap. But may not an unwearied writing Books, in defence of the truth, do something considerable in the case, as it is the circumstance of my Cousin?

Make a noise T. But little, for his way of writing is look'd upon by sober men, more to gratifie his passion upon a Party, and his itch of scribling, which is demonstrable enough by his Translations, than out of any noble end to his Prince, and so he is his own rewarder, by eating the daily dumplings it affords him.

Cap. You may run down my Cosin, in your Ale, at what rate you please here; but I say, and say again, that the Phanatiques are more dangerous Enemies than the Papists, both to the Kings Royal Person and Government.

Tom. I say, and say again in answer to you Captain *Crackbrains*, if there be one Phanatique in *England*, that is not *Bedlam* mad, that wishes any ill to the Kings Person, though I doubt many may be too fawey upon the administration: and on the contrary, if there be ten Papists (I'le go to *Abrahams* precise number) that wishes prosperity to either, but in some equivocal meaning, I'le never pipe more, and so Captain *Crackbrains* because you are a man of quality pay the reckoning.

Make a noise T. A match, and then I break up this famous Colloquy.

Tom. But I'le tell you a piece of news before we part: my Friend writes one of the weekly Books, and to be sure if he hear of out discourse, he'l claw you off in his next.

Make a noise T. Which of them, the Popish Domestick called the true one, or the Fanatique eclyped the Protestant?

Cap. Neither, but the loyal one.

Tom. Thats like a Chimney Sweeper, when I lived in *Delamere* Forrest, that cryed all white for the King, for its a great argument of Loyalty, to insinuate to his Majesty, that his People has some ill contrivements against him, by which he designs to put him upon his constant guard, which can be no easie posture to any Monarch; But I suppose his method is after the rate of *Poor Robins*, all the news he blesses us with is of his own happy contrivance, in which he has an extraordinary faculty.

Make a noise T. I protest *Tom*, you are a notable Fellow, I did not expect any thing of this from you.

Tom. I have a way for it, for when I exercise my Calling to please Gentlemen, we sometimes divert our selves with drinking, and then on course State matters or Religion are the subject of discourse, and I having a parish memory bring all away; for I have a double Title to it, according to the late observation.

Make a noise T. As how?

Tom. Faith I am like the once Mayor of *Ripon*, *Innocent* in eye-light, and *Simple* of Understanding.

Make a noise T. I'le but ask you one question, What is the reason, that a strange Woman in Scripture-language should signifie an Harlot, and a strange Man in statutable English, to use the *Cats Metaphor*, should not signifie the *Marrow* to it?

* *A North-County word for Fellow.*

Tom. Though it do not so fully, yet it does something of that nature by implication, for no man deservedly enjoyes that Character, that can boast of much

much reputation to himſelf: But to what purpoſe this impertinent Sally? lets part, for we ſhall run from one thing to another, till we be by ſome *Adam Over doe ſent* to durance. Your Servant Captain *Crackbrains*.

Capt. Your Servant, Sir.

Make a noiſe T. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

FINIS.

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